

The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Pau. Ifay she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd
All tongues to talke their bitterst.

Lord. Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I th boldnesse of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past grieue: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receiue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me
To these forrowes.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-
heard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Desarts of Bohemia.

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

Ant. Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-board,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call vpon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so ridde o'th businesse.

Ant. Come, poore babe;

I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted lost for euer, Perdita

I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
Thy Wife Paulina more: and so, with shriekes
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was so, and no flumbe: Dreames, are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do beleue
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the issue
Of King Polixenes) it should heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy charaacter: there these,
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
And still rest thine. The storme begins, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedeth: and most accurst am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
A lullaby too rough: I neuer saw
The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer.

Exit pursued by a Bear.

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wen-
ches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing
fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyde-
braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea-
ther? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,
which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mai-
ster; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brow-
zing of luy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A
boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie
one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I

can

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolde error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntide
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe
The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing
As you had slept betwene: Leonte's leauiug
Th' effects of his fond ieaiousies, so greuiug
That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a sonne o'th Kings, which Florizell
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speake of Perdita, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her influ-
I list not prophesie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-
And what to her adheres, which followes after, (ter
Is th' argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue spent time worle, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more importu-
nate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to
grant this.

Cam. It is fiftene yeeres since I saw my Countrey:
though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I de-
sire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King
(my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes
I might be some allay, or I oreweene to thinke so) which
is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'st me (Camillo) wipe not out the rest
of thy seruices, by leauiug me now: the neede I haue of
thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to
haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauiug made
me businesse, (which none (without thee) can suffici-
ently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe,
or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done:
which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I
cannot) to be more thankfull to thee, shall bee my stu-
die, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes.
Of that farall Countrey Sicilia, prethee speake no more,
whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance

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